To leade you to our Court, vouchſafe it then.
Quee. This Feelde ſhall holde me, and ſo hold your vow:
Nor God nor I delights in periurd men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you prouoke:
The vertue of your eie muſt breake my oth.
Que. You nickname vertue, vice you ſhould haue ſpoke:
For vertues office neuer breakes mens troth.
Now by my maiden honour yet as pure,
As the vnſallied Lilly I proteſt,
A worlde of tormentes though I ſhould endure,
I would not yeelde to be your houſes gueſt:
So much I hate a breaking cauſe to be
Of heauenly Othes vowed with integritie.
King. O you haue liu'd in deſolation heere,
Vnſeene, vnuiſited, much to our ſhame.
Quee. Not ſo my Lord, it is not ſo I ſweare,
We haue had paſtimes here and pleaſant game,
A meſſe of *Ruſſians* left vs but of late.
King. How Madame? *Ruſſians?*
Quee. I in trueth My Lord.
Trim gallants, full of Courtſhip and of ſtate.
Roſa. Madame ſpeake true: It is not ſo my Lord:
My Ladie (to the maner of the dayes)
In curteſie giues vndeſeruing praiſe,
We foure in deede confronted were with foure,
In *Ruſſian* habite: heere they ſtayed an houre,
And talkt apace: and in that houre (my Lord)
They did not bleſſe vs with one happie word.
I dare not call them fooles; but this I thinke,
When they are thirſtie, fooles would faine haue drinke.
Bero. This ieſt is drie to me, gentle ſweete,
Your wits makes wiſe thinges fooliſh when we greete
Wtih eies beſt ſeeing, heauens fierie eie:
By light we looſe light, your capacitie
Is of that nature, that to your hudge ſtoore,
Wiſe thinges ſeeme fooliſh, and rich thinges but poore.
Roſa. This proues you wiſe and rich: for in my eie.
Bero. I am a foole, and full of pouertie.

Roſa